

## SULLIVAN, THE SPENDTHRIFT.

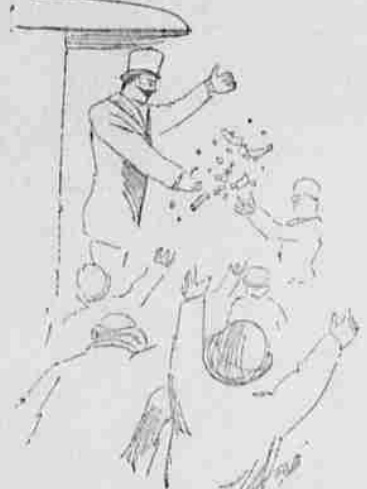
How He Has Earned and Scattered Enormous Sums.

SPENT \$500,000 IN TWELVE YEARS

His Record Has Few Equals in This Country.

The Ex-Champion Appears to Have an Utter Contempt for Money, and the Same Spirit Was Manifested When He Went Broke.

John L. Sullivan has made and spent more money than any fighter in the history of the world. I have seen him stand on the back of a railroad car, after a victory, with his pockets loaded down with greenbacks, firing away money for the hands of the crowd that cheered him like a conquering emperor. I have seen him stand before a bar and order \$5000 worth of wine at a clip. It was nothing unusual for him to spend \$1000 in one night. I remember on one occasion in Philadelphia, some few years ago, when Sullivan bought a bar-room for a champion named Kelly on the impulse of the moment. Then the ex-champion spent a couple of hundred dollars over the bar. "John has always been a good son to me," said the ex-champion's mother, some years ago. "When he comes home after a fight he says: 'Mother,



He Throws Money to His Admirers.

hold your apron out," and John has thrown in a handful of money in my lap. On one occasion he paid \$1300 for a team of horses for his father, who was a plain, simple, honest, hard-working stonecutter. He gave the team of horses to his father with the instructions that he should ride down the road every afternoon and enjoy himself. But the stonecutter's father was not content after a three-months' tour he found that the horses had not been out of the stable during that time. John took them out for a spin, and the team ran away, smashing the carriage and the stonecutter in the process. The next day he sold them for a mere nothing to a friend. To say that John L. Sullivan has given away \$5000 or \$10,000 in a year to his friends and followers would be no exaggeration.

#### Not a Beggar.

I remember an incident that happened in a small town in New York shortly after the big fellow's sickness. He was about financially wrecked at the time. A wealthy young man, who was a great admirer of the champion, heard of this fact and hunted him up to the cafe. John, for some strange reason, did not fancy his admirer's wealthy friend, for I noticed he treated him in a very indifferent manner. This, however, did not seem to have



John Gets the Two Wilson Receipts.

any effect on the young sport, for the first chance he got he rather surprised me by pulling out five hundred dollars in new bills and offering them to Sullivan, saying: "Here, John, is the dust I want you to have." "No, I don't want it, thank you," "But I insist, John, you must. Why, bless your soul, you can't go broke while I'm well!" "Still Sullivan refused. Finally he agreed to accept \$50, and slipped it on the bar with a bang, and ordered the bar-keeper to put up that many dollars worth of wine for the crowd.

This reckless action of Sullivan fairly horrified the well-to-do. He stood speechless, looking the big fellow over. When he recovered later on he offered Sullivan the remainder of the "bottle," but the latter refused.

"Well," I said, "John, you're the greatest pugilist I ever met."

Although Sullivan was fairly broke, he explained to me afterward that he simply wanted to show that rich young fellow his contempt for his money.

This is a mere incident in the career of the greatest and strongest character the world has ever seen in the prize ring.

#### His Excesses.

It was twelve years ago that the shocks began to flow freely in and out of the big fellow's pockets. The first purse he fought for, of any account, was \$500, at Cincinnati, December 20, 1880, with John Donaldson. The next purse was of a thousand dol-

lars, which he won easily on a barge on the Hudson river, from John Flood, whom he whipped in sixteen minutes. Then came his battle for the championship of the world with Paddy Ryan, for \$2500 a side, at Mississippi city, February 7, 1882. After gaining the championship the money flowed to him like water.

By his defeat of Jimmy Elliott, at Washington Park, July 4, 1885, Sullivan divided with his manager about \$3000. His defeat of Tim Witten, at Madison Square Garden, over \$15,000 was divided between himself and Arthur Chambers and Billy Madden. By defeating Charlie Mitchell at the Garden, Sullivan's share was about \$1000. In the same place, in three short rounds, John L. gathered in four or five thousand more.

His "knock-out" tour of nine months under the management of Al Smith, through the United States and territories, where he met and put to sleep some fifty big men, was the wonder of the age. His income must have been at least \$50,000 during the nine months' picnic.

Then his fights with Captain Dalton, at Chicago, and Dick Burns, the Michigan Giant, and Jack Stewart brought him in the neighborhood of \$1000 or \$2000. By defeating Fred Robinson at Little City, in January, 1888, he gained at least \$3000. By defeating Alexander Marx, at Galveston, Texas, he recovered about \$2000. His defeat of John Henry, at Hot Springs, William Flemming, at Memphis, and Rube Phillips at Nashville, brought him in the neighborhood of \$3000.

Sullivan's bout with Prof. Ladin, at Madison Square Garden, was a winner to John by about \$5000. His besting Alf Greenfield in two rounds, at Madison Square Garden, and again in London, in four rounds, increased his finances at least \$2000.

John's thirty-minute match with Paddy Ryan at Madison Square Garden, which was stopped by the police, brought him about \$2000. His defeat of Rube Phillips at Chicago, June 13, netted about \$2000.

His exhibitions about the country up to that time mainly made for him about \$2000. Sullivan's meeting with McCaffrey at Cincinnati, brought him \$2000. With Paddy Ryan at San Francisco, John L. gained about \$2000 or more. With Duncan McDonald and Francis Carroll, at Minneapolis, where Sullivan broke his arm, he increased his finances about \$1000.

In 1888 Sullivan toured through England, Ireland and Scotland, but he earned only about \$5000.

His match with Charley Mitchell, at the Casino, France, was not a money-maker.

When he arrived home in his native city, as was given a benefit at the Music Hall, Boston, which netted him \$2000. Shortly afterward he was engaged as the sporting editor of the New York Illustrated News, for which he received in salary about \$5000, besides other presents.

By his defeat of Jake Kilrain he received the \$10,000 put up by his backers and the \$10,000 he won; besides, Sullivan got the lion's share of the money given for the sale of tickets at Ritzburg, which in all amounted to about \$25,000.

Sullivan was offered \$10,000 to spar at Madison Square Garden after his defeat of Kilrain, but he refused, not wanting a snap about money at the time. In 1890 John went on the stage in the play, "Rustle Hearts and Whirlwind Hands." He received about \$10,000 for a short season.

After Sullivan's defeat of Jim Corbett he was given a benefit at Madison Square Garden, the receipts of which were \$12,000, the Garden people taking half for the use of the house.

As an actor during the last three years he has probably made something like \$10,000.

With his book, "The Reminiscences of a Nineteenth Century Gladiator," and his other exhibitions and the privileges he had extended to cigar and liquor men who have named their brands after him, I might readily add \$15,000 more. This would bring the grand total received by Sullivan up to about \$250,000.

I really believe, however, that Sullivan has made more money than this. Not so as any one else can ever give the exact figures. Fighters of his type do not generally keep books. They make and spend money ad libitum.

If I put Sullivan's earnings for the last twelve years at half a million I would not be going much out of the way. He has made money in various ways of which there is no record.

Sullivan's income has been about \$25,000 a year for the last twelve years, and I believe that President Eliot of Harvard College receives but \$2000 per annum, and he is a steady, hard-working man.

Sullivan has been a careless, go-as-you-please fighter, who named their brands after him, and he has money come with great rapidity, he spent with a lavish hand. In fact, he literally threw it away.

Customer—You are the man I paid \$50 to for teaching my wife's parrot how to talk, I believe?

Bill Dwyer—Yes.

"Well, how much will you take to teach the blamed bird to shut up?" Indianapolis Journal.

"Yes," said the Rev. Dr. Goodman, "I always endeavor to write sermons so that they can be understood and are preceded by even the dullest intellect. Before delivering them in public I invariably recite them to myself."—New York Herald.

## HUNTING DOWN BANDITS.

Two Indian Territory Outlaws Captured by the Sheriff

AFTER A WEEK'S HOT CHASE.

Lively Battle in Which Three Were Wounded.

The Desperadoes Were in a Lost House and Resisted the Officers' Rattling Fusillade Until Forced to Surrender—The Cattle Pinned.

Bill and John Shelly, two desperate Indian Territory outlaws, were captured four weeks ago today after a long and hard chase, which was aided by many exciting adventures, in which a World reporter took part.

The outlaws—"trappers," they are called in the picturesque vernacular of the prairie—were trailed over the prairie for eight days, and were finally located in a cabin which was necessary to set fire to in order to bring the bandits to bay, which was accomplished only in the face of a rattling fusillade from the sharpshooters well-aimed rifles.

The Shelly brothers have been operating in the region terrorized by the uprisings of the Daltons and the Starrs. The Shellys left their rendezvous in the Creek country, near Tulsa, and under an alias took up a claim near the town of Cleveland, in Pawnee county, Oklahoma. There their weakness for riding other people's horses got them into jail.

One day several months ago they escaped by knocking down the jailer, binding and gagging him, and taking his pistol. Sheriff Lake and posse pursued them, fought them, and in the battle severely wounded John Shelly. But the Shellys were well mounted and succeeded in getting away.

Several weeks ago the men were seen near Checotah, in the Creek country, and Sheriff Lake determined to run them down. It was learned that they were from the hills of Oklahoma, and Cherokee hills, and that they would fight. A World reporter was in that country at the time was invited to accompany the sheriff as a member of the posse.

The start was made from Fairbairn on Sunday morning, January 27. Besides the reporter, the sheriff was accompanied by Deputy Marshal Frank Cantow, who has been in many famous encounters with cattle rustlers, in the west. A griver known from Oklahoma to the Indians as Rube Arden, had charge of the posse, which drew the posse out of the house, was to take the posse out and bring back the prisoners.

Each member of the posse was armed with a .44 Winchester repeater, a Colt's revolver of the same caliber and about one hundred rounds of ammunition. In the posse, besides the sheriff, were taken along to shoot game with.

Money in a bag.

We left Fairbairn in a blinding snow storm. We hoped to make the mouth of the Canadian, forty miles distant, by nightfall, but the trail was so faint that we traveled very slowly. Night came on with the welcome smoke of a blizzard in sight, inside of which the sheriff found an old friend, who greeted us with brotherly hospitality of the genuine sort. He had a roaring log fire which made his hands fairly hot, and he was pouring out the beer, which was being poured out of the house, and after examining them to see that they were in good order,

we were now in the very heart of the wildest and most lawless part of not only the Creek nation, but of the whole Indian Territory. Here had been the favorite rendezvous of nearly all the most desperate outlaws, when hard pressed, they had taken refuge in the dense thickets of undergrowth had hidden them from the posse, and protection here more than one brave deputy marshal had met his death. Frank, the reporter, it was learned that the Shelly brothers had been seen in their camp two days before, as we were confident that the trail was a warm one.

It was almost midnight when arrangements for the night were completed. One man was detailed to remain in camp to watch the stock, while the other five, after drinking another cup of meaning coffee, took up their Winchester, and after examining them to see that they were in good order,

quietly left the camp and walked two miles through the forest until the tent of the outlaws was sighted.

An Attack at Daylight.

Here a whispered consultation was held. Each man was then given his orders, which were to take up a position behind a tree and keep on the alert until morning. Then it was hoped we should be able to cover the outlaws when they came out to their horses, which were tethered near by.

When the first gray streaks of dawn appeared each man stood at his post with beaming fingers and frost-bitten feet, but with senses alive to the excited signals of daybreak. We all expected to hear the bullets singing through the forest and served ourselves for a fight. But no sign of life appeared about the tent until after sunrise. Then a faint curl of smoke from the stovepipes showed that some one was inside. Still no one came out. At last we heard the clear call of a partridge in the frosty air. This was the leader's signal to advance. With rifle in readiness each man moved forward noiselessly and rapidly. All arrived at the tent together. The flap of the canvas was quickly flung back, rifles were leveled to cover the interior, but the game had flown.

The only person visible was a lad of about fourteen years old. He seemed but little surprised. In a bunk near a window, and by his side lay a Winchester. The gun was secured and the man was taken up. He astonished us by being so young. He was a white boy, named, was wanted also, and was taken prisoner.

This done, the boy turned on the prisoner and exclaimed: "Yes, turn ye, ye wouldn't git up

four or five feet deep. At 2 p. m. we reached the Chinaman river, which was frozen over, but long poles were cut, and with these the men rode into the water and slowly and laboriously broke a channel through the ice to the further side.

The party then all crossed through, but the suffering from the cold was intense, and both animals and men were covered with ice. After a long ride, Tulsa was reached at 10 o'clock at night. The only hotel in the camp was filled and we had to sleep in the hay-mow.

At this point the party was reinforced by two men, both of whom were Indian Territory, and a young physician named Dr. Hagan, Deputy Hagan, had an early job on hand in the section of the country we were to visit, had agreed to join forces with our party on the rendezvous plan. Dr. Hagan by was a citizen of the Creek Nation by marriage, had about a year ago shot and killed a man who was suspected of belonging to a gang that had been stealing his cattle. The gang had been stealing his cattle, and he was injured in having him. Arrested and taken to Fort Smith, where he was injured in having him. Arrested and taken to Fort Smith, where he was injured in having him.

Winter Life in Tulsa.

Tulsa was especially interesting at this time, because a few days before Jeff Perryman, the son of Chief Perryman, had gone on a spree and shot into a can of powder in a hardware store, blowing up himself and the proprietor and raising the building and also because of a report that Jim French and Sam McWilliams, who were supposed to have been at Tulsa a week later, were trying to rob a store, were hanging around.

The weather continued intensely cold when, on Wednesday morning, our party, now increased to six, rode out of Tulsa by different routes, so as to throw off the friends of the outlaws, and to keep them from knowing the movements of the posse. A few miles out we all came together again, and camped in a south-easterly direction, made all haste to reach a point forty miles distant, near which Deputy Hagan had been informed a couple of cattle thieves were camped.

The posse was made without stopping to a point in the heavy timbered bottom of the Arkansas some two miles from where the Shellys' camp was located. Hopping near the log house of friendly squatters, where water could be secured, we set up camp. The ground was covered of snow, and soon a big log fire was sending the sparks high above the freestones, and which was thrown out of different limbs. A number of jack rabbits, prairie chickens and quail had been shot during the day, and these, with coffee and bread baked in an iron camp oven, doctored with hot coffee, made a glorious supper.

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